DUCK SHOOTING

Sport of an Evening and a Morning on the Great South Bay.

SWIFT FLIERS PAY TOLL

Canvasbacks, Brant and Other Ducks Brought Down by Hidden Gunners.

of beguiling wild duck tumble? "Did I notice it? Wasn't it my first generally in vogue throughout waters, particularly on Chesa-I don't like to think about it. man fond of duck shooting. pened on the south shore of Long

there was scarcely a ripple on the and bosom of the bay when we started caught and as far as the eve could reach and down the waterway dark patches hich in the distance resembled acres flotsam betokened the presence of icks by tens of thousands.

was about an hour and a half before et then we reached a favorable spot der the lea shore, and here it was deermined to put out our battery, machine be able to pick up a few brace before darkness set in

You know how they rig up the coffinlike combination which is merely a box about 7 feet long and 18 inches deep and from two and a half to five feet wide, according to whether it is single or a double. There are rugs or blankets in the bottom and a small head rest places the face of the shooter at an angle where the eye may sweep the waters to the front and on either side. A hundred or more decors are the accompaniment of the sink

our double our men moved off and making a wide detour began stirring up the shoals of ducks that made the middle of the bay look like the home of all the waterfowl in that part of the country. The light was dead in our faces, but by shading our eyes with one hand we could see very well, and the boat hadn't been gone many minutes when almost on the water through the ruddy pathway of the sun winged half a dozen birds, too far away for us to tell their species, but having the earmarks of the canvashack inasmuch as they flew in a line and were making time as only that duck can when

heisin a hurry.
-Mark," I called to my companion "dead ahead!"

man with me had shot the ground for twenty years and he knew every wile to be employed. As the ducks came on swiftly he cautioned me in a whisper t to shoot till he gave the word of command distances on the water being very optive, and I had to crouch there, my nd clutching the stock of a big 10 gauge was shooting then, my idea at that time ing that you had to have something ke a cannon to pick a duck out of the Finally, when they were almost upon us and the plumage of the splendid birds could be noted, came the short

"The canvasbacks wheeled and whirled to the right, climbing to get out of danger, but gunpowder was quicker than the most active pinions, and two were dead in the air and a third was slanting to the water mortally hurt in a moment. One of the others turned when fully seventy-five yards away, and slipping another shell into the 'car non' I had him well. This was a purely uck shot and my companion stared in open mouthed amazement as the duc plunged headlong and hit the water with a splash that showed he was all in.

"I had found the 10 gauge efficacious in 'open' shooting in the late evenings on the shores of Florida lagoons, where the birds flew high and wild, and had knocked them down at distances that would have left me open to the charge of drawing the long bow if I had not been fortunate enough to have an occasional eye witness, but I don't think I ever made a shot that gave me more satisfaction han the one I'm telling you about.

The boat circled down and picked up the three dead birds, one of the crew using a dip, net for the purpose, while single shot disposed of the cripple Wheeling, the boat passed within fifty yards, and the captain, who was at the wheel shouted:

That long shot was a corker! Want to sell that cannon?

A bunch of bluebills piled into the ovs when we were thinking of stopg for the night, for picking up decoys nd a battery is cold work, and we wanted have the men do it while the light as yet good. We blistered them, and never saw a more surprised flock ducks than they were.

hey were so rattled that half the went smack over our heads, so close s that we could almost have hit them our gun barrels. The dead amounted ir and the crippled were fluttering trying to get out of range. A shots disposed of them and when the lowered a vawl and took us aboard ad a handsome bag to show for our

After the decoys and the machine had maked up-the sink box is never at over night, for in case of a heavy it would fill and go to the bottomwas prepared in the snug cabin

By the light of an oil lamp a delicious meal, a steak which we rought along with us forming the portion of it.

part I knew nothing till the early nours of the next day. Somey the light of a smoky lamp. It devil moose to kill him. o'clock and the captain urged in time for the morning flight. ould commence promptly at

a gray morning, the sort of and the captain and his two worked like beavers to get

was much colder than on the previous day and there was more sea on, enough the dead moose in fact to give us an occasional douche FROM A SINK BOX as we lay side by side in the box. The narrow margins of zine about the fringe

narrow margins of zinc about the fringe of the box to be turned up in such instances helped to shield us from the spray, but there was enough coming inboard to make it interesting all the time.

"Before we had been five minutes in our seat a sheldrake scuttled from behind our heads, bringing my companion to a sitting posture. One glance at the long bill betokened his kind and no shot was sent to hurry his movements. sent to hurry his movements.
"Mark left' was the call a moment

"Mark left, was the call a moment later as four big birds cleaved the morning air. They were bigger, than ducks and not as large as geese.

"Brant, by all that's wonderful!" breathed my companion.

"When a couple of hundred yards away it looked as though they would turn and pass us by. The man at my side raised one of his feet two or three times above the level of the box, and this ruse, which conveyed a lifelike movement to the bunch of decoys, was successful. Flying with their long necks far outstretched, conveyed a lifelike movement to the bunch of decoys, was successful. Flying with their long necks far outstretched, they piled along not ungracefully for so unwieldy a bird, and passed forty yards in front of the battery. Three of the four paid toll and the survivor, much perturbed, accelerated his pace and was out of sight in a moment.

mow and picked up the handsome quarry.

"The first brant I've killed in years!"
shouted my chum. Did you notice them

y and its tributaries, was so long I don't like to think about it."

brant?

"A bunch of blacks, probably 150 in the flock, came high over our heads that morning and not a member of the colony morning and not a member of the colony came to us in answer to four barrels. It was an uncanny thing, that. The birds did not seem to be too far away, certainly not as far as the duck I had killed the evening before, but we were caught unawares and that may, have accounted for it.

"The first intimation we had of their presence was when the air was full of

"The first intimation we had of their presence was when the air was full of whistling wings and looking up the sky was darkened for the moment. It wasn't a case of taking aim. I know for my own part while still recumbent I threw up the 'cannon' and pulled one trigger after the other, letting go as I supposed into the middle of the bunch.

"The air was blue around there for a while and I don't think either of us would

they called it, in the hope that we would be able to pick up a few brace before darkness set in what was probably a remnant of that colony of blacks returned, coming out of the west and giving us ample warning and we had our revenge. As the captain picked them up he called:

"That's more like it; thought you fel-lows had lost your receipt when you didn't get any of that big bunch, but your eyes are all right, all right

are all right, all right.

"At noon they picked us up and we lunched on the boat, eating with that zest which makes canned beans taste better than terrapin and a bottle of beer more satisfying than all the vintages of France. We put out again after the midday meal, but by 3 o'clock the wind had risen to half a gale and the water was piling over the shallow zinc combing of the box in a way that made it uncomfortable. It's no fun trying to swim in rubber boots, and it was that or quit, so we signalled for the captain and called it a full day.

"On the way across the bay we tied the

"On the captain and called it a full day.

"On the way across the bay we tied the birds in pairs, cleaned the guns and assumed the garb of New York, and when we reached the big lights it was hard to realize that only a few hours before we had appeared to be so far away from the metropolis."

MOOSE IN THE NORTHWEST. Fierce Battles. Curious Accidents and Comedy of the Forest.

(Copyright, 1911, by D. Longe.) St. Paul, Minn., Jan. 12.—The land of he moose is a wilderness of fierce battles, where he is king whose head is crowned with the strongest antlers. Many a naturalist has marvelled at the gigantic palmated antiers of the moose, and numerous are the stories about their use, but they have only one use; they are for battle, for battle to the death, unless the vanquished bull can make a rush into a nearby thicket and escape the terrible side thrust of the infuriated victor.

My late friend C. M. Barker, who for fifteen years led the life of a hermit rapper and philosopher in the wilds north of Lake Superior, where more often he gazed on moose than on men. old me a remarkable story of a battle

It was in the mating season of the moose, and the crisp October night reounded with the bellowing battle chalenge. The old lean Indian guide Jim leeseck and his son. White Sky, had made their camp near a trapping trail which they were cutting out for Mr. Barker. Only a few rods from their camp two giant pulls met in mortal combat.

The brush broke and crashed as the nfuriated beasts pushed each other this way and that way, the big nostrils snorted and the broad antlers clashed like the broadswords of gladiators. At the end of half an hour the vanquished brute saved his hide from being ripped and his vitals from being pierced by headlong flight into a spruce swamp.

And now the grand drama of the forest night suddenly took a turn to the farce comedy of the circus. The Indians had taken their cur dog and their cat along to camp. When the battle was over the victorious bull caught the barking of the cur, and mad with victory and the fighting craze of the mating season he rushed toward the noisy dog.

In his blind rush he became entangled in the guy ropes of the tent and tore it down over the heads of the Indians. The barking dog became frightened at the big snorting monster and with yelps of fear he sought refuge under a stump.

where his friend the cat was asleep. Tom stepped out of doors to see what was the matter, but before he found out the cloven hoof of the moose stepped on his tail or some other part of his lank anatomy and Tom gave vent to his feelings in the most soul piercing yowl of his life. White Sky rushed out of the crumpled

tent and fired point blank at the raving monster. The moose crashed away through the brush. In a few seconds the dark forest was as still as death and White Sky crossed his forehead and was asking himself whether he had had a bad dream or whether a devil moose had really broken into his camp.

But White Sky is a brave Indian. He boldly started in the direction the now silent monster had taken. He had gone only a few rods when he stumbled over some big, hairy creature lying still in the brush.

But the minute White Sky touched the dead mass came to life again and began to thrash about with his many pronged antlers and to kick frantically with his long, powerful legs. The gun was kicked out of White Sky's hand and were asleep early that night and as quickly as he could disentangle himself the Indian rushed back to camp in breathless confusion, thanking all the saints he as broiling bacon and making knew of for not having permitted the

When he made a light he found that action, as he wanted us to be in his face was bleeding from a gash in his nose, his trousers were ripped and one of his legs showed a long cut.

White Sky reset the tent, bandaged his wounds as well as he could and decided which was made for battery that he did not want to know any more When daylight came the moose was

"White Sky is a pretty good har," remarked Mr. Barker with a smile, "but I saw the dead moose and the places where he had stepped on the cat and where he had fought the other moose, and White Sky's nose and leg were gashed all right. so I concluded it was as straight a story

as a Christian man can tell." There are very few men who have actually seen two moose fight, although many such fights occur every fall. Many of the fights take place after dark and it is soldom that either hunters or natural ists are on the scene

Dr. Arnold of St. Paul once found a place about two rods square where two moose had battled. The snow and, the brush were trampled down, while tufts of hair and drops of blood added to the story of the conflict.

One who has never seen a wild moos still has before him one of the great treats of nature.

The moose is decidedly an animal of the wilderness. Deer will increase when the first few settlers make clearings in the forest, but the moose disappears before the ring of the axe and the sound of sight in a moment.

"Fat as butter, was the captain's comment as he coasted down under sail power tamed and do well in parks and on confined ranges, but no park or zoological garden has ever been able to acclimat the moose. They will do well for a while then they sicken and die, as if they had pined away in the longing for the wild swamps and lakes of their northern home.

The antlers of moose and deer, bornonly by the males, are of great interest They are shed and regrown every year While they are growing they are filled with blood vessels and are very sensitive. I have seen a deer brush a mosquito from his antler as carefully as a child might

brush a fly from a sore finger. In autumn the antiers get as hard as horn, the dead skin is brushed off against bushes and trees and now moose and deer are aiready to fight terrible battles with most formidable weapons.

The antiers are shed very early in spring, but it is surprising how seldom one finds a perfect antler, not to speak of ever finding two that belong together. Sourrels, porcupine and wood mice gnaw the edges and prongs. Perhaps these creatures eat the antiers for some mineral substance that is contained in

them.

The antiers of a deer that had died in The antiers of a deer that had died in autumn I found two-thirds eaten the next June. The weight of a pair of moose antiers may reach 50 to 60 pounds, and the largest I have seen in Minnesota had a spread of 64 inches.

The weight of a full grown moose has been estimated to run from 1,000 to 1,200 pounds. One might think that an animal of such size and strength would have few

f such size and strength would have few enemies and troubles to contend with, but the facts are quite different. During the warm days of summer

During the warm days of summer flies and mosquitoes are a great pest of the moose. They try to escape from these tormenters by feeding a great deal in lakes and rivers where the bright light and the breeze also help to give them temporary relief.

Winters of deep snow bring dangers to these great wild cattle of the woods. In those years, the wolves get very

In those years the wolves get very hungry and attack the moose. Albert Smith of Red Lake tells me that almost every moose he has shot bore the tooth

marks of wolves on its hocks.

Mr. Barker informed me that during the winter of 1907-08, a season of unusually heavy snowfall, a number of moose died of starvation. The first heavy snow fell in November and it was heavy snow fell in November and it was so wet and heavy that it lay flat and buried much of the wild shrubbery on which moose feed, and by bending over all kinds of undergrowth and small trees and by breaking many larger trees it made travelling in the woods, even for the long stilted moose, exceedingly difficult. I visited the region in the summer cult. I visited the region in the summer of 1908 and found all the trails much obstructed, and in many places of alder and willow thickets the brush had never righted itself and was practically im-

Early in the spring of 1908 as Mr. Barker followed a trail to the shore of Lake Superior he saw a large cow moose stand-ing in a windfall near the trail. He approached to within a few yards of her. She erected the long hair on her back, ade no attempt to get away.

Barker concluded that iperhaps

When he passed the spot the following day the big moose was dead. He could find no mark of injury on the body, but find no mark of injury on the body, but the animal was exceedingly gaunt and poor and Mr. Barker felt sure that she had died of exhaustion and starvation.

Although remarkably fitted to cope with the difficulties of living in swamps and woods, moose not infrequently meet death by accident. Mr. Barker found three moose dead where they had attempted to cross the narrows between two lakes. They had broken through the ice and evidently floundered about until they had died of cold and exhaustion.

Once Mr. Barker found a drowned cow moose in midsummer. As well as he could determine the animal had had a foot caught by dead roots or snags

he could determine the animal had had a foot caught by dead roots or snags in about five feet of water. In its vain struggles to free itself it had finally fallen down exhausted and had drowned only a few feet from shore. Its body was still warm when Mr. Barker found it.

Moese semetimes eat grass, but willow, poplar, shad bush, whice birch and mountain ash had been their principal food in the region I visited. In many places they had browsed so heavily and so often that the trees and shrubs had been killed or at least much retarded in growth.

the trees and shrubs had been killed or at least much retarded in growth. This was the only region that I have observed where large wild mammals had exerted a marked influence on the growth of wild trees and shrubs. Much of the region indeed had the appearance of a heavily browsed moose and deer pasture.

During our stay of five days in this During our stay of five days in dis-region we saw thirty-six moose, thirty-five deer, a good deal of small game and such wild birds as eagles, ospreys, grouse, spruce hens and the big black logcock, the king of the woodpeckers. We also visited a beaver dam, but did not see the beavers. We never fired a gun of the beavers. We never fired a gun any kind, but secured photographs

most of the creatures we saw.

When I expressed to Mr. Barker my admiration and wonder at the Eden of the wild he had shown us, especially at the remarkable abundance of moose. iar as you thought I was

HUNTING JACK RABBITS.

Error in a Game Law-Unrecognized Friends of Fruit Growers.

see," said an Orange county sports man, "that the Dutchess County Board of Supervisors has voted to pay a bounty of 25 cents for every pelt of a jack rabbit killed in the county in order to protect the fruit crop. That reminds me that on presumably similar representations a law was passed by the New York State Legislature last winter removing the long standing prohibition of hunting rabbits

with ferrets in the State. "The purpose of this concession was commendable, but if there was good faith in the matter there certainly must have been great ignorance on the part of the promoters of the ferret law or sad lack of investigation by the legislators who favored and procured its passage.

matter of fact we have no wild rabbits in this State, both our native little cottontail and the big, spindle shanked beast that came from Canada and which we call jack rabbit being hares, the wording of

ound his gun about twenty feet from gather them both in. Now see whether and I know that moose once were comthe dead moose he does it or not.

The electiveness of the ferret in rabbit that was years and years ago.

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hunting lies in that sinuous and insinuating little beast's capacity for entrance into the underground passages, openings n stone walls, crevices in rocks and other covers and retreats where the game hides, and which are utterly inaccessible to dog or hunter. The ferret glides into these places, follows all their intricacies and labyrinthine windings, and invariably drives to the pen every rabbit that has sought shelter in them, the hunter on the outside then having an easy task in bagging them as they come tumbling out of their refuge, wild eyed and with a thumping of their legs made almost thunderous by the knowledge of the gliding

"As an instance of what hunting rabbits with ferrets means, on one day this season two boys in Sullivan county bagged between three hundred and four hundred cottontails with their pair of well trained "But has any one heard of boy or man

terror in their wake.

bagging any jack rabbits, in Sullivan county or elsewhere in the jack rabbit belt, by means of ferrets? Not yet. The reason for that is that the jack rabbit doesn't seek safety in burrows or holes in the rock or openings in convenient one walls, or any other such refuge.

leave it behind him. The ferret is not a hounding animal in the sense of following the chase, and so doesn't take the trail of the jack rabbit, any more than it would follow that of the cottontail so long as the cottontail trusted to its legs and ignored its hiding place.

He followed the trail a long distance, but lost it.

"It was late in the fall and a heavy snow began falling before Dunning could get to his cabin on an island in Fourth Lake and return with his dogs to try find she trail of the moose, so it was abandoned.

"Two weeks later the old hunter was going over a line of traps he had out

are not under such a ban, and while the hope of getting a quarter for every one they manage to capture will doubtles make rabbit bunters out of a host of Dutchess county folks and neighbors of theirs in adjacent counties who never knew what it was to go after rabbits although rabbits might have been gnawing the life out of their fruit trees any time these years and years. I doubt whether it will deter any one who goes out with a gun from knocking over the first fox he might have the luck to get a shot at or every hawk that soared within gunshot or a horned owl or even a wildcat, which are yet numerous enough in the Dutchess well by themselves.

"And wouldn't they have done well by themselves? Well, if there were no foxes, hawks, owls, wildcats and the like prowl ing about in that district, where the jack rapbit is now an outlaw, the fruit farmers of that district and neighboring ones would have ten times more complaint to make about the ravages of jack rabbits, for there would be ten times more jack

rabbits.
"I had occasion to take a trip through "I had occasion to take a trip through Dutchess county one time in the winter and on the barn door of a farmer whose specialty was fruit I saw tacked the bodies of two large hawks and the body of a snowy owl, while the farmer informed me that he had trapped three foxes that week and his son had shot a wildcat that had come to one of his orchards and was

week and his son had shot a wildcat that had come to one of his orchards and was crouching in an apple tree.

"And the farmer told me how it beat all how the jack rabbits had been playing havoc with his trees for a week or more past, some of them in the very orchard where the wildcat had been shot and some in other orchards near which the foxes had been trapped, they having been seen prowling around there. He mentioned it as a singular incident that he had shot one of the big hawks while it was hovering over an orchard, and at the sound of the gun out jumped a jack the sound of the gun out jumped a jack rabbit and went skiting away from the

"When I told him that in another minute or so that hawk would have had its talons in that jack rabbit and it would never have girdled another tree on that farm and that the foxes and the wildcat and the owl were simply prowling as guar-dians of his trees against jack rabbits, for they were there for no other purpose than to make way with the destructive critters, he took to pondering, and if he was wise he never tacked another hawk

critters, he took to pondering, and if he was wise he never tacked another hawk or owl carcass to his barn or trapped a fox or shot a wildcat.

"If the bounty on jack rabbits serves to discover to the farmers and others how much fun can be got out of bagging that agile and timid animal it will have had its gratifying effect, although the taxpayer at large in Dutchess county may not be able to see why he should go down into his pocket to pay the farmer for protecting his own property and for the fun he has in doing it.

"The beagle hound on the trail of a rabbit, the music of his cry rising and falling, now near, now far, as the long legged quarry leads back and forth among the tangled underbrush, through patches of tall ferns, between the close growing trees in the woods he chooses, turning and twisting through the natural alleys until he is brought at last on his deviling courses to the ambush where

alleys until he is brought at last on his doubling course to the ambush where the hunter, knowing well the creature's ways, lies in wait for that supreme moways, lies in wait for that supreme moment and meets the game, far ahead of the voicing dogs, with the shot that lays it low afford a sport exciting and exhilarating as near the deer chase as one could wish.

"The preference shown by this rabbit for well defined pathways in the forest offers another sport, if it may be dignified with that term, which is at least exciting in the avenetation that marks it. In

with that term, which is at least exciting in the expectation that marks it. In those paths snares may be set, attached to strong twigs or branches bent over and fitted on the ground by a noose baited with a sweet apple, and in their journeyings through the woods and brush of a night many an unsuspecting jack goes aloft at the end of the twitch up and delights the trapper's heart as he comes in sight of it suspended there, its fur ruffled to its changing shades in the air of the frosty morning.

air of the frosty morning.
"There are a lot of possibilities in the jack rabbit that the prosy farmer, whether of Dutchess county or elsewhere, or the prosy person, farmer or not, of anywhere might find edification in far beyond his expectation if he only knew it, bounty or

LAST NORTH WOODS MOOSE And Some Speculation as to the Fallure of the Restocking Experiment.

A New York man while spending the hunting season in the Adirondacks last fall made inquiry as to the outcome of the experiment of restocking that region with moose, as begun five or six years ago by the turning into the woods along the Fulton Chain of several adult speci mens of that big game animal once plenti ful in the Adirondacks. One old woods "Passing over the incident that as man with much experience in the wilds and as a keeper in private Adirondack game preserves was positive in his opinion about the matter.

"Those moose simply didn't stay in the Adirondacks anywhere," said he. "I'll tell you why. I know old hunters who

"The electiveness of the ferret in rabbit | that was years and years ago.
inting lies in that sinuous and insinuat- "My belief is that the woods became unfitted for the moose by the opening up of hotels and resorts that brought thither too many of the ways of civilization and that consequently, obeying the instincts of their nature, these long time denizens of our forests turned their spreading antlers toward some more congenial wilderness.

If our woods were unfitted for moose in those first years of the entering of civilization they certainly haven't been made more fit now that there are a dozen hotels or camps on every lake and railroads winding into the very heart of the wilderness. The moose that were turned loose into the Fulton Chain woods some years ago are now either in Maine or Canada woods, providing they escaped the game outlaws on their way thither through ours. That is my belief as to the outcome of the experiment in restocking the Adirondacks with moose.

"Speaking of native Adirondack moose "Speaking of native Adirondack moose," said the New York man, "my guide in the Racqette Lake country told me that it was believed that the late Alva Dunning killed the last moose ever seen in those woods. It was a bull moose and Alva surprised it lying in a dense mass of spruce brush. He fired at the big bull as it jumped from the brush, and although he saw that the animal was "He depends on his long legs to carry him away from threatening danger and leave it behind him. The ferret is not He followed the trail a long distance.

"Two weeks later the old hunter was going over a line of traps he had out in the neighborhood of where he had shot the big moose, when he was attracted by a peculiar mound of snow at the foot of a spruce tree. He investigated and found beneath the snow the dead body of a moose. Its great size, and the jack rabbit alone is guilty of committing the ravages on fruit orchards of which complaint is made. Surely the game laws of this State, and of others, are fearfully and wonderfully made.

"But as to the bounty that Dutchess county has committed herself to pay on the pelts of jack rabbits. There are no more ways to bag jack rabbits with a price on their heads than there are when they are not under such a ban, and while the

THE PERSEVERING PECCARY. The Retired Engineer Recounts a Texas Experience.

SUSQUEHANNA, Pa., Jan .12 .- "I was not a little surprised when I read in the papers the other day about the narrow escape B. F. Yoakum had recently from being made away with by a drove of peccaries in southwest Texas," said a retired Erie engineer, "for he is a native of Texas and ought to have had some inkling at least of the peculiarities of the peccary. could have told him about 'em myself

"In the early days of railroading in Texas I went down there and took charge of an engine on a road west of San Antonio. My fireman was also a Northern man and innocent like myself of the way of the critters that crawled and climbed and clawed and snorted and howled in that out of the way corner of our great and glorious country. When I heard there was bears a-plenty almost anywhere along there I made up my mind to have a Texas bear hunt some day, and one day I mentioned my intention to the agent at onof the way stations.

"Bear hunting's all right,' said he You won't have any trouble getting after a bear, or maybe in having one get after you, but look out for peccaries. Be careful and don't get into a mixup with peccaries. If you do your job on this ailroad'll be to let."

"That made me smile

"I don't know what peccaries are,' said 'but I guess if I ain't feeling much of a scare about going out to tackle bears there ain't anything else prowling around in the jungles that's going to give me one.

"Oh, the peccaries won't be looking preparations costing much money to buy the peccary never is looking for a fight. unless it may be with a bear. The peceary hates bears. A dozen men may ide or walk past a whole drove of 'em without their paying the least attention to any of 'em, unless some one of the party is so unwise as to fire a shot into the drove. If one peccary is hurt the whole drove instantly abandons all other business as one peccary and never does another thing until the injury done to hat one of its number is avenged, if vengeance is possible.

"Us folks, native and to the manner oorn, know this inborn peculiarity of he peccary and never give the little beas the slightest cause for suspicion. Not few mysterious disappearances of tenderbe explained in no better way than b the assumption that they had tried their guns on peccaries. Go bear hunting by all means, but give the peccaries right of way if you should happen to run acros

any.'
"I pulled down an under eyelid at the agent, as meaning to want to know of him if he saw anything green about me and my fireman and I had a laugh over the way he had sought to stuff us. Next day on our trip back all of a sudden my fireman hollered out that there was a drove of hogs on the track. Sure enough about three train lengths ahead of us a drove of a dozen or more of the queere

drove of a dozen or more of the queerest looking hogs I ever saw were taking their time walking across the track.

"Some of them razorbacks I hear this country is noted for, I s'pose,' said I. I blew the whistle, supposing of course that it would frighten the hogs and hurry them off of the rails. But instead of it doing that the minute that heard the course that off of the rails. But instead of it doing that, the minute they heard the sound they all stopped in their tracks and seemed to be waiting for me. All I could do then was to pull her wide open and cut through the drove, which I did. I knocked a heap pf'em off dead as hammers, and the rest of 'em bristled up and I guess would have tried to grab hold of the cars if we hadn't slid by so quick.

"Razorback hogs may be shy on pork,' said I, as I looked back and saw that what were left of the lot were standing on the track, glaring after the train, 'but they are

were left of the lot were standing on the track, glaring after the train, but they are loaded with grit.

"When we got to the station where we stopped on the run I told the agent, the same one who had stuffed me about peccaries, that we had run over a lot of somebody's razorback hogs on the way and supposed the company would have damages to pay. That made the agent laugh.

laugh.

"Razorbacks!' said he. Why, man, them was peccaries. It's lucky you didn't stop your train. If you had what was left of the drove would have been into your cab in a jiffy. The peccary has a memory as long as time almost, and the chances are a hundred to one that the remeat of that drove will be waiting for you chances are a hundred to one that the rem-nant of that drove will be waiting for you when you go back.'

"That made me smile some more, but sure as guns, when we went back next day five of the animals, all that were left, were

right there on the track, and they braced right there on the track, and they braced up and met us face to face. I sent the engine tearing against 'en. Looking back. I saw four of the five lying at the side of the track dead. A single one stood between the rails.

"That'll be about the end of it,' said 1

to my fireman. 'Looks to me as if there might be something in that peccary talk.'

The firemen said yes, it did; but all the same we didn't expect to see that lone peccary when we went back next day. But he was there. We could see him half a mile ahead of us on that straight track, standing plumb where we had last seen him. As we approached he squatted on his haunches, waiting for us. It seemed a pity to run him down, but I had made up my mind now that the agent wan't stuffing me, so I sent the engine full tilt toward the little beast. He rose to his feet and rushed to mee; us. The engine struck him and hurled him far off to one side, where he lay dead.

"Good thing, said he agent as we pulled in at the station.

"I said we had.

"Good thing, said he. 'And you're lucky you had a railroad train to fight 'em with. That's about the only thing becaries ever run aginst that's got the best of 'em in such short order. When you go out after that bear you're thinking about going after I wouldn't get in a mixup with peccaries if I were you.

But if you'd like to go hunting peccaries I'l tell you all you have to do to make a success of it. Take a Winchester rife and ammunition enough for fifty rounds or so.

"Then you climb a tree. The peccary wang from that pickerel because I was fraid of him, although the sight of him, although the hole in the lead with my hook in him was quite enough to scare allough to the hole in the kear to him, although the sight of him, although the sight of him, alth

"Then you climb a tree. The peccary has one grand virtue. He can't climb a tree. Perch safely on a limb and by and by the chances are that a drove of peccaries will come trotting along near enough for you to put a bullet good and deep into one of 'em. That's why you want to be sure to have plenty of ammunition, so you can kill all the rest in the drove; for the survivors at once take positions around that tree and there they stay until the last one is killed or until the hunter in the tree starves to death if he hasn't got ammunition enough.

"The living will pay no attention to the dying or dead, but will sit there hoping for vengeance until the last one dies. But you can go out any time and sit down right at the edge of a feeding drove of peccaries and watch 'em all day if you want to and not one of 'em will as much as notice you unless you rile 'em. What day do you think you'll go out after your bear?' said the agent.

"I said I didn't know, but not until I got time enough to combine a peccary hunt with a bear hunt. But somehow I never got time all the while I was in Texas." or so.
"Then you climb a tree. The peccary

TRAPPING WARY BEASTS. The Caution of Martens and Foxes Taken

Advantage Of by Hunters OLAMON, Me., Jan. 14. - A curious feature

of trapping fur bearing animals in the woods of northern Maine is that in many cases the hunters are enabled to succeed by reason of the extreme caution of the animals themselves. Along the swift waters of the upper

Penobscot River the most valuable fur

trout through the ice they pass on from hidden eddies to deep holes, chopping canals in the surface ice as they go, which when filled with water are used to hold the live trout until they return over the same stream later in the day. The trappers of fisher cats, finding half torpid rout squirming about in the icy water. make ready to carry out their plans. The flat trencher of a stout steel trap is baited with a live trout, which has become too weak to spring the mechanism, and deeper water canal than usual is chopped far inshore, if possible under a limb of an overhanging tree.

The fisher never walks up or down the stream on the open ice, but clings close to the shore. At the sight of the living trout on top of the icethe fisher creeps out cautiously and having made sure the coast

cautiously and having made sure the coast is clear leaps directly from the shore or the tree on top of the trout, only to be clutched in the jaws of the trap.

In most parts of New England foxes enter baited traps set in running water without great hesitation. Further north along the Allagash River not a fox will a trap save through strategy, al-

and use.

The best results are secured by stick In best results are secured by sticking a limber spring pole upright in the ground or in a snowdrift in the centre of a small clearing in the forest, the spring pole having a dead hare or the body of a hen or duck attached by the neck and lifted a foot or less above the level surface. Two or more steel trans are put that

lifted a foot or less above the level surface. Two or more steel traps are put out set but unbaited from ten to fifteen feet from the spring pole.

When an old fox comes along and scents the flesh he sniffs the air for a long time, and begins slowly to circle the pole, keeping far away from the bait at first but drawing nearer with every turn. The process is long and slow. There is a long sniffing of the air and a short quick step, followed by a pause for investigation, and then more stealthy steps, as if the fox suspected that an enemy was concealed about the spring pole, upon which its paze is concentrated always.

At some point along the course the fox.

centrated always.

At some point along the course the fox, with ears and nostrils and eyes always intent upon the suspended bait, steps suddenly within the open jaws of the trap, which closes with a snap, and the fox is an active and regretful prisoner until the trapper comes along and removes the relt.

THE AVENGING PICKEREL. Two Encounters With a Big Fish in the

Back of Lackawack Country. "The biggest pickerel I ever lost fishing through the ice," said a Pike county man weighed a little over six pounds. I would never have known it, either, if I hadn't landed him. I had a heap of trouble along with losing that whopping big pickerel, and—how could I have lost him if I landed him? That does sound a trifle paradoxical, true enough, and needs

"Jack Kimble and all the rest of the old

some explanation.

time back of Lackawack citizens insist time back of Lackawack citizens insist that if that big pickerel had only known what I let go of him so sudden for he would have waited for me and had the fight out with me when I got back, but of and very summer of grains, grasse course I always pooh-pooh such an idea course I always pooh-pooh such an idea as that. They reason that it is only once in a great while that a tremendous big pickerel like that one bothers his head to take hold of a tipup bait, and then he toes it simply because he is tearing mad at the way other pickerel persist in going for the bait and being hauled up through the ice, and he wants to get up on the ice himself and tackle the fisherman. "Of course these back of Lackawack

oracles admit that the pickerel always gets the worst of the proceeding, but they say it gives him the satisfaction of thinking that he has thrown a scare into the fisherman anyhow. This big pickerel that I lost that time they declared was thus on a rampage, and when he saw me drop the line and turn and dash away like a racehorse he naturally thought I was a coward, daresn't stand up to him after I got him on the ice, and so had cut and run. Consequently he had dropped back to the bottom, shaken himself loose and gone elsewhere in disgust. That's what Kimble and all the rest of the old time back of Lackawack citizens insist on be-

afraid of him, although the sight of his

moan that this being a good Samaritan was going to make me miss the time of my life with pickerel and the landing of the daddy of 'em all. "I got to where the doe was struggling

with the dogs, and got there in pretty quick time too; but I was too late. The logs had hurt the doe so that I had to kill her, the dogs skulking away as I came up. The law was on deer, of course and being a lawabiding citizen I hated like everything to break the statute in such case made and provided but I couldn't see any particular reason why I should let all that nice, juicy, fat lot of venison lie there for a pair of deer slaughtering dogs to devour, so I hung it up high and safe, to be taken home and eaten by me and mine.

"Then I went back to my pickerel fishing, but of course that big fellow had got away. He had taken my hook with him

"Reaction came then, and I was mad, "'If I only knew who owns those two deer butchering dogs,' I said, 'I'd prose-

cute him, sure as guns! And I'd shoot the dogs on sight! They've cost me the landing of the boss pickerel of Big Pond.

"You might say that a nice, fat, juicy lot of venison ought to have been ample remuneration for the loss of a pickerel, even if it was one of enormous size, and so it would if something hadn't happened, I was hauled up for killing a deer out of season, and had to shell out \$25 for doing it.

And they took the deer away from m

at that.
"It's too ding bad that pickerel didn't Penobscot River the most valuable fur is that of the slim and alert fisher cat, or marten. The American fisher is one of the most cautious creatures of the forests and streams, and only a few Indians and white trappers have the secret of luring it to the vicinity of traps. The fisher will never negotiate anything but live fish for bait, and will never approach its food save from the shore side of a stream or lake.

As a rule when winter fishermen catch trout through the ice they pass on from the stream of the fisher will never approach its food save from the shore side of a stream or lake.

As a rule when winter fishermen catch trout through the ice they pass on from the stream of the fisher will never approach its food save from the shore side of a strike that came near jerking me into the pond.

a strike that came near jerking me into she pond.

"The old fellow that made the strike struck for keeps, and I had a tussle with him up and down along the lilies and zigzag and criss-cross in and out of 'em for a good quarter of an hour before the pickerel felt that he had done what he could to make the fight lively and gave up.

"I was pretty well tuckered and it was some time before I got up to take a critical look at my capture, although I knew that it was a Dickerel that was going just about to beat the record for Big Pond. I had a great start as I looked him over by and by, for in his upper jaw was a big fishhook, and it didn't take me a second to recognize for in his upper jaw was a big fishhook, and it didn't take me a second to recognize that hook as the one that the big pickere! I had lost fishing through the ice had taken away with him. I had landed the nickers! I had lost, and I felt so good over it that I believe that if the two dogs that forced me to the rescue of the doe that day had come along just then I wouldn't

day had come along just then I wouldn't have shot 'em.
"'Same pickerel,' said Jack Kimble.
'Same old feller. And I ain't goin' to say that it's likely that he heerd about the reason you run away from him last winter, and jest come along this summer and let you have it out with him after all, but it

looks that way to me!"
"And all the old time citizens of back of ackswack said so it did to them ing in it of course, but the pickerel weighed, six pounds and three ounces, and no one has ever caught as big a one in Big Pond since—nor lost one."

From the Journal of the Salmon and Trout
Association.

Among the biggest trout captured within recent history pride of place belongs to he monster of Loch Stennes, which weighed wenty-nine pounds and was caught on a hand line in 1889. It was one of those his partially salt water ("slob" or estuarine trout), and the fine cast of it made by Club shows that salt water agreed with it

Club shows that salt water agreed with it. Another big trout was caught in Lough Ennel in 1894. This weighed twenty-six pounds and took a spoon bait.

The Irish lakes have yielded several fish of fifteen pounds or more in recent years. A trout of twenty-one pounds was caught in Loch Rannoch in 1906 by a young lady, and in the same year a youthful angler of 10 got one in the Test at Broadlands which weighed sixteen pounds. The largest trout caught in the southern streams of late, however, was the eighteen pounder rom the New River, which fell a victim to a lobworm in 1908. The record Thames trout was caught in 1880 and weighed sixteen pounds fifteen ounces.

Want Bounty on Squirrels. Colville correspondence Spokane Herald. Since the bounty on squirrels was stopped several years ago the little pests greatly increased in numbers until the question of handling them has become of vital importance to the welfare of all growers of grain and vegetables.

Every farmer has to devote from five to ffteen days each year in fighting squirrels.

averages \$5. averages 35.

During the operation of the former squirrel bounty law the animals became quite scarce in this section, for men often made wages in the spring by a systematic campaign against the squirrels. The

Eagle a Ship's Pet.

From the Boston Record. Aboard the steamer Pathan, which arrived yesterday from Manila, Singapore, Cebu and Port Said, was a large eagle bought from a native at Manila by Capt.

Chaplin., The bird, which was named Sammy measures just nine feet from tip to tip of wings when spread. It was kept in a large wooden box on the bridge on the voyage, but for a few hours each day was allowed to roam about the deck with a rope slied to one of its legs.

It has become the pet of the crew and is very tame.

Live Eagle Under His Arm. From the Kansas City Journal.

With a live eagle measuring six feet six inches from tip to tip of its wings under his arm, Dr. J. C. McLaughlin, 30s June-tion Building, created considerable inter-est yesterday on the streets. The bird was shot by Mr. McLaughlin's

brother, H. A. McLaughlin, on his ranch near Moran. Kan. A rife was used and the near Moran. Nam. A rine was used and the ball took effect in the bird's wing, which paralyzed it temporarily and enabled him to capture it alive. The wing has healed now and the bird, being young, was shipped here.

about that moose until next morning. the law includes both of these in the term ng ready in time. The weather dead, and after some search White Sky 'rabbit,' and the ferret is turned loose to have killed moose in the Adirondacks